

## to the count of ten

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## to the count of ten

by [ddsmissing \(xanadusea\)](#)

### Summary

Dream's eyes widen as a pale hand clamps itself over his mouth, padded fingers pressing tightly into the sides of his face. His eyes dart around wildly, trying to get a glimpse of his attacker. How did they find him? He could've sworn he'd covered his trail; Bad was supposedly in the other shaft, he'd heard Sapnap go aboveground, and he'd killed Ant a while back. But his thoughts are cut short as he's shoved against the cold stone wall, lithe fingers reaching under his shirt and clenching around his waist. Dream groans as he feels

coldness sap from the hand around his torso into his body, an unwelcome contrast from the heat of the torch nearby.

He starts to heat up again, though, as a body moves against his back and a mouth presses at his neck. The man behind him feels smaller and more petite, and Dream's blood runs cold as he realizes who had him pinned to the wall. The man grins as he whispers into his ear.

"I wouldn't scream if I were you."

"G-george?"

or

dream runs into george whilst mining during a manhunt.

## Notes

there's not enough bottom dream out there, so i took matters into my own hands  
enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## 10, 9, 8, 7, 6...

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream sighs. He looks around the cave before dropping his pickaxe to the floor, sliding down against the stone and landing beside it. Wiping sweat off his forehead, he checks his inventory, groaning when his eyes fall on the sparse amount of iron he had collected. Only enough to make him some measly boots. He desperately needed more; he wouldn't make it out of the cave alive without a full set.

The hunters had already chased him through a mineshaft and he had just barely escaped, killing Ant and slinking into an adjacent cave system while Sapnap and Bad grabbed his stuff. And George was nowhere to be found, as usual. He paid no mind to the missing hunter. He was probably aboveground getting food.

He pulls out a stack of torches and begins wandering around the rest of the area in hopes of finding more ore. After running through dead ends and loops, he returns to his previous spot and sits down again, now 64 torches poorer and still without iron. He glares, scanning his eyes across the now-lit area in a last attempt to find any hidden ore and frowns. No luck. *Well, I guess a break wouldn't hurt, he thinks. I can rest for a few minutes and then check the rest of the mineshaft for iron as long as Sapnap and Bad aren't there anymore.*

He strains his ears, listening for the hunters. When he's sure they aren't nearby and he's not in danger, he lets his muscles relax, head slowly slumping over and eyes fluttering shut.

After his quick nap, Dream carefully gathers his items and sneaks back to the entrance of the mineshaft. He peeks around the corner, pathway illuminated by a stray lava pool. Sapnap's boisterous voice could be heard from a nearby shaft, along with Bad shouting and the crackle of a furnace. Dream could tell exactly where they were. The main hallway of the mine was dark, save for the lava pool next to him and the lit furnace exaggerating the shadows of the bickering men further down.

"Give it back, you muffinhead!"

"No!" Was the reply, accompanied with a giggle. "Just get more iron! We're gonna eventually split it anyway."

"That's my iron, and that's my coal you're using to smelt it!" Dream covered his mouth, trying not to snicker at their petty fighting, lest the two men hear him.

He calms himself and leans back against the wall, forming a plan. Oh, he was lucky as hell. If he could just sneak over and steal the iron from the hunters, he would have enough to make a full armor set. And he wouldn't even have to mine anything to get it. Dream chews on his lip, thinking. He could distract them, yes. Or he could also wait for them to leave, which would take longer but was definitely safer. Or...

Dream's eyes light up as he thinks of a plan. He grabs his pick and makes his way to the side of the shaft that the two hunters were in, careful to stay hidden. He mines through the middle of the wall, making a small tunnel. He turns towards their voices, mining straight until the three men are only

separated by a single block. Dream shivers at their closeness. Pushing his ear against the stone, he listens for the telltale crackle of the furnace. Locating it, he mines the block behind it and his small passage is flooded with light. He smiles. *Too easy*. From the outside, everything looked normal. The furnace was pushed against the wall and, as far as Bad and Sap knew, smelting away. He was pretty sure they couldn't hear him mining either, they were still going at each other loudly. His plan was going perfectly.

He crouches down and reaches for the furnace, grabbing the iron out of it. Twenty pieces! Adding that to the four he already had, he could finally make a full armor set. Dream grins, relishing in his small victory over the hunters. Now he had to get out again. He covers the hole behind the furnace with andesite and slowly tiptoes out of his tunnel, closing it off with the same material. Quietly snickering, Dream makes his way back to his cave with his prizes.

“BAD!! Did you take all the fucking iron?!”

“LANGUAGE! And no, for your information, I did *not*.”

Dream lets out a quiet laugh as he pulls out a crafting table, getting to work. He hums as bickering voices float down the cave system.

“Oh, you *so* did. Where did it go then?” Sapnap sasses. “Did it just up and disappear? Or did it walk off with George? Because God knows where that colorblind bastard is.”

“Lang- whatever. Why don't you just, oh I don't know, *get more iron*.” Sweetness drips from Bad's voice. “*We're going to eventually split it all, aren't we?*”

Dream can nearly see Bad's smile from his spot. *He got Sapnap there*.

“Fine, I don't care about a few stupid ingots.” Sapnap pouts. “I'll go look for George and he'll help me get more. My iron is better than yours, anyway.”

“How is it- okay. Go look for George. I'll stay here in case Ant comes back—I can give him his stuff.”

Sapnap's footsteps echo across the walls and fade away. *Perfect*. Damn, Dream was getting lucky this manhunt. Bad was alone. He could probably surprise him and take him out, and the poor man would never know what hit him. Dream could burn his and Ant's stuff before Sapnap could even step foot back underground.

He turns to his newly crafted armor, crouching down to run a finger over the shiny metal before picking up the chestplate. *He doesn't stand a chance*. Dream grins and puts the armor back down, deciding to sort his inventory before getting geared up. Do you know how much of a hassle it is to get out items in a clunky iron suit?

The blond would've normally heard the quiet footsteps coming up behind him. But he was too busy rummaging through his inventory, throwing out excess blocks and rotten flesh to notice the light around him dimming, blotted out by a lanky shadow. Well, he does notice. But only too late.

Dream's eyes widen as a pale hand clamps itself over his mouth, padded fingers pressing tightly into the sides of his face. His eyes dart around wildly, trying to get a glimpse of his attacker. How did they find him? Or better yet, *who* had found him? Bad was in the other shaft, Sapnap was

aboveground, and he'd killed Ant a while back. But his thoughts are cut short as he's shoved against the cold stone wall, lithe fingers reaching under his shirt and clenching around his waist. Dream groans as he feels coldness sap from the hand around his torso into his body, an unwelcome contrast from the heat of the torch nearby.

He starts to heat up again, though, as a body moves against his back and a mouth presses at his neck. The man behind him feels smaller and more petite, and Dream's blood runs cold as he realizes who had him pinned to the wall. The man grins as he whispers into his ear.

"I wouldn't scream if I were you."

A British accent.

"G-george?"

"G-george?" The Brit mimics the man under him. "No shit," he growls. "Who else?"

"I- I don't know." Dream stutters, muffled by the hand around his face.

The blond shivers as George trails his hand down his face, now resting it around his neck. He opens his mouth to shout, but quickly decides against it when he feels George tighten his grip around the sides of his throat, cutting off his air supply.

"I told you, don't shout." George mutters into his ear. "The only other people here will either, A, kill you, or B, find you like this, pinned against the wall all prettily for me."

Dream whimpers. "Please..."

"Please what?" George scoffs. "Please let you go? No, I don't think I will. You'll just kill me, and where's the fun in that? No, I think I'm going to have fun with you, Dreamie." He lowers his voice and slowly ruts himself against Dream's ass. "You always rub it in our faces after *every* manhunt, telling us how easily you beat us." George pushes his hand up to Dream's chest, twisting one of his buds. "And I'm sick of it, really. I think—" He pauses, moving his hand to the other bud and pinching it this time, causing the man beneath him to let out a breathy gasp. "—I think that you need to be taught a lesson. And if you can't fix that bratty attitude of yours, I'm going to fuck it out of you."

## Chapter End Notes

hey,,, i wrote this after having a breakdown over my classes. fun times!!

## Chapter Summary

george keeps true to his word of fucking the attitude out of dream.

dream surprisingly doesn't put up that much of a fight.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Fuck...” Dream’s eyes roll back in his head.

This doesn’t go unnoticed by George, and he uses the hand around his throat to tilt his head up, forcing him to make eye contact. He smirks at Dream’s needy expression.

“You like the sound of that? Letting me fuck you against the wall like a little slut?”

Dream doesn’t respond, simply tilting his head to the side to look up at George as he pushes his ass back into his touch. The Brit smiles at the wriggling man beneath him, already starting to come undone. He lets go of Dream’s throat, watching as he slowly pants for air. Sliding his hand down, George settles it on the tan waist beneath him, gripping tightly.

He rolls his hips gently, head falling back and muttering light curses as he pulls Dream back onto him. Speeding up slightly, George smirks when the other man lets out a whine, arching his back.

“Y- yes, I want you to...” The blond groans, face hitting against the wall next to his arms with every thrust from George.

“You want me to what?” George sneers. “Speak in full sentences. Or are you already too fucked out to talk?”

He lifts a hand, causing Dream to turn and look at him questioningly at the loss of touch. But the blond quickly turns back around with a squeak when George brings his hand back down on his ass, smack echoing through the cave.

“Ah- shit! I want you to fuck me against the wall, please!”

“Quiet down,” George growls. “Unless you want Bad walking in on you like this. Then I guess I’ll just have to show him how much of a little brat you really are.”

“No...” Dream whines.

“Then watch your mouth. If you can.”

“What do you mean, ‘if i can’? What do you think I am, a—shit!” Dream nearly screams as George rips his pants down, letting them pool around his ankles before bringing his hand down on Dream’s other cheek. He grumbles, having easily proved the other’s point. And he had two burning splotches of red on his ass to show for it.

“Told you so. Now suck.”

George taps two fingers against Dream’s lips. The blond parts his lips easily, relishing in the feeling of something, anything down his throat. He sucks on the digits eagerly, humming around them and making sure to coat each one with spit. He liked pain, but not enough to get his ass split open.

George swears he gets even harder when Dream starts teasing him. He tilts his head to the side, making eye contact before he brings his own hand up, wrapping it around George’s to push the fingers deeper into his throat. Green eyes widen, then roll back into his head as he feels padded fingers hit the back of his throat. Dream moans around them before letting them fall from his mouth, a string of spit following after them.

“Aren’t you going to fuck me?” Dream whines, rhythmically pushing his ass back against George’s crotch. “Ugh, you’re taking too long. Just hurry it up already.”

“Oh, so you don’t want the prep? I mean, you look like you like pain, but sheesh.”

Dream’s eyes widen at the implication. “No! I’m sorry... please don’t skip it.”

George’s lips curl into a devilish grin. He taps his chin, pretending to think. “I don’t know, Dreamie. It might just *take too long*. Maybe I should hurry it up instead?”

Dream gets ready to protest, mouth opening but closing once he feels two fingers push at his hole. “Holy fuck,” he moans, mouth dropping into an o-shape, “okay. Two fingers already?”

“You can take it.” George mutters, scissoring his fingers. “And stop moving.” He tenses his other hand around Dream’s waist, stopping him from pushing back onto the digits. “Such a whore for my fingers. You’ll take what I give you.”

Dream whimpers in response, pink coating his cheeks as he tries to fuck himself on George’s hand again, only to be stopped by nails pressing into his skin. He lets out a long moan, loving the pain seeping into his side. He’d like the sensation of George’s fingers more, but the man was only going at his own pace. Either way, he’d take what he could get.

The fingers inside him were skinny but definitely longer than his thick, same-length ones, reaching places he couldn’t. Dream lets out an embarrassingly high-pitched moan as George gives a quick thrust, going slightly deeper than he had the other times, brushing his prostate. The brunet grins and curls his fingers against that spot again, eliciting the same reaction.

“You’re just *asking* for them to hear you, aren’t you?” George nonchalantly comments, pumping his fingers faster.

Dream nods in agreement. “Yes, fuck, want them to hear me. Want them to come over and see who I belong to.”

George groans and pulls his fingers out. He pushes his pants down, kicking them off and leaving them to rest in god knows where. *Shit, that was hot*. He reaches down, stroking himself before lining up with Dream’s ass, prodding at his hole. Becoming impatient, the blond pushes back, engulfing George’s tip inside him and *squeezing*.

“Holy shit, Dream.” George’s eyes roll back in his head. “Did- did I say you could move?” He quickly adds, regaining his senses.

Dream bats his eyelashes, looking up at George innocently, who rolls his eyes. He grabs Dream’s

hips, slowly inching him back onto his cock. Once he bottoms out, he stays still for a moment before pulling out and thrusting once into Dream.

The sound that came from the blond's mouth could've almost been a scream. After all, he was nearly just impaled, and without warning. George pays him no attention, instead flipping him around and pushing him flat against the wall. Dream hisses as his head knocks against the stone, glaring at the man above him, but he quickly drops the expression once he sees George's face. He wonders why the Brit looks so smug but immediately realizes once he follows his eyes to the cave entrance.

*How the fuck?* He thinks. The shadows of three men dance along the wall, illuminated by the torches haphazardly littered across the stone. *They're back already? And they have Ant with them?* Dream looks up at George, eyes wide with panic, but the man only presses his lips together in a devilish smirk.

"Would be a shame if you were to—" George pauses, muttering a hushed *jump*. Dream obeys, shifting up and wrapping his legs behind the smaller man's back, putting his weight onto the wall behind him. Now sandwiched between pale skin and stone, he droops his arms around George's shoulders and tucks his head into the crook of his neck, praying that it would muffle any sounds that might betray him. George continues. "Would be a shame if you were to make noise now. All three of our friends are here, just a few shafts over. What do you think would happen if... I don't know..." the Brit pauses to think, slowly rolling his hips up against Dream's ass, causing the blond to bite down on his collarbone, eyes squeezing shut in pleasure. "If they were to hear you making noise and run over, ready to kill you, only to find the *great* and *powerful* Dream pushed up against the wall with a dick filling his slutty ass, begging for more."

Dream moans into his neck, sending muffled vibrations through his skin. George shivers but continues talking, slowly thrusting into the man beneath him.

"You want them to find you, want them to walk around the corner and see how pretty you look with your legs wrapped around me? Want them to see how well you take my cock?"

Dream lifts his head, making eye contact. George blinks, momentarily stunned by the sight in front of him. Dream's eyes are blown wide with want and pink dust highlights the freckles on his tanned cheeks. His mouth is slightly parted, letting out small, cut-off gasps with every thrust from George.

"Yeah," he rasps.

He lets out a breathy moan before pressing his lips to George's. Tangling a hand in short, brown hair, he parts his lips, allowing the other man to take control. George takes this opportunity to pull back slightly and snap his hips forward, causing a pornstar-like moan to fall from the distracted man's lips. Dream pouts and half-heartedly swats at his shoulder.

"Fuck you."

"I already am."

Dream rolls his eyes.

"That's a lot of bratting for someone being fucked silly against a wall, don't you think?"

Dream snickers. "Fucked silly? Says who?" He snarls. "You don't seem to be doing much to me, Georgie. I bet I could just ta—mmph!"

His eyes go wide, eyebrows knitting and mouth dropping open in a mix of pleasure and surprise. A



tan hand rushes to his throat, grabbing at the smaller, pale one beneath it. Dream gulps, Adam's apple pulsing against George's hand as he gasps. George only squeezes tighter, pushing at the pressure points on the sides of his neck.

George grins, grip unrelenting. The man beneath him is an absolute fucking wreck, all signs of bratting and smugness having disappeared from his blissed-out, red face. Dream's eyes flutter shut and he lets himself go limp, only held up by George's hips pressing him against the wall. His hair must be fucked up from how much his head is bumping and sliding across the stone, but he can't bring himself to care. In fact, the only thing he cares about right now is how well George is fucking him, how he feels his mind go fuzzy whenever George snaps his hips up especially hard, or how dirty comments are whispered into his ear whenever he lets out an especially pretty sound.

It's not long before Dream starts babbling, nonsense spilling from his mouth as his body is incessantly pushed up and down the wall. Unsure if the hunters had heard him, he drags his eyes away from George—a hard feat—and looks over to the mineshaft entrance. The shadows of the three hunters were gone, but he could still hear their petty arguments float through the cave system. They were probably too far away to hear him, so he lets himself go.

“Ah- fuck, more, g-gimme more please!” Dream whines, barely able to get the words out of his mouth.

He pulls himself up with his arms, shifting to give himself more room to move. Bouncing in sync with George's thrusts, he lets small moans fall from his mouth, high-pitched tones that break every time George's cock pushes against his prostate. Dream moves an arm from its resting place around the other man, reaching down to try and jerk himself off. His face splits into one of pleasure, a short-lasting feeling because George notices and pushes his hand away.

“Brats don't get to touch themselves.”

Dream's eyes widen, threatening to water over and spill tears. “No- why? I thought I was good? I- I'll be good now, promise!”

George laughs at the poor blond under him. “How pathetic. Weren't you just telling me how I couldn't fuck you well? You should see yourself, really.” He flicks a finger on Dream's dick, causing precum to spill from the tip. The blond lets out a small whimper.

Dream's eyes nearly glaze over. “Please,” he moans desperately, “just let me cum!”

George simply hums, speeding up. He lifts Dream up slightly, holding him in place as he abuses the poor man's hole. Dream's hips jerk, pathetically reaching for any type of friction. George notices and decides to take pity on him.

“Fine. You can touch yourself.” He grunts, adding “go ahead,” when Dream looks at him, slightly suspicious.

The blond wraps a hand around himself, moaning wantonly as he thumbs over his slit, spreading drops of precum across his length as he fucks into the heat. It doesn't take much longer for him to cry out, desperate for release.

“Ah- George, 'm gonna cum! Fuck- please, can I?”

George opens his mouth to respond, only to shut it once he hears voices echo through the cave.

“Bad, give me the iron- thanks. Wait, that’s it? You couldn’t have given me more?”

Dream’s eyes widen as Ant’s complaint reaches his ears, and they grow impossibly larger once he hears George’s response.

“No.”

“Why?” He hisses, careful to keep quiet, lest they get discovered.

“I didn’t say you could.” Was the curt response.

Dream glares at George, maintaining eye contact as he continues stroking himself. It didn’t take long for him to regret it, as George immediately pushes his hand off and replaces it with his own. He wraps his hand tightly around Dream, twisting it as he reaches his head and slowly dropping back down to the base. Pleased with the shuddering man beneath him, George directs his attention to himself, chasing his own pleasure by pounding into Dream.

Dream could tell that George was close by the way his muscles tensed and the way he pushed himself even harder into him, desperately chasing his release. The sensation of George’s hand around him and cock abusing his hole sent him over the edge, and he just has enough sense left in him to bury his head into George’s neck, clamping down on his collarbone as he cums across both their stomachs. His mind goes blank, all worries of being caught disappearing, and the only thing he can think of is *George, George, George* as he slowly comes back to his senses.

But the repeated mantra of George’s name quickly turns panicked inside of Dream’s head, and he starts to claw at the man’s back. He wasn’t stopping.

*He wouldn’t stop.*

“Holy fuck- George!” Dream cries out, air knocked out of his chest with every thrust from George. “Please, I can’t take it! No more!”

George only smiles evilly as tears start to form in bright green eyes, slowly trailing down Dream’s face. “Oh, shut *up*. I know you can take it. After all, I didn’t say you could cum, did I?”

Dream shakes his head with a whimper.

“Mhm. Now you’re going to pay for it. You’re going to sit here while I use your hole like a fucking toy, and you’re not going to be put down until I fill you with my cum.” George emphasizes this by wrapping a hand around Dream’s cock, causing the man to thrust into it every time his body is pushed upwards from George.

Dream lets his mouth fall open, unfiltered sounds falling from it each time he’s forced to fuck George’s hand, jabs of pleasure and pain shooting through him. “Fuck, no, please! I- I can’t, George, please...” He trails off as George looks at him softly, a sudden but welcome contrast to his previous treatment.

“Oh... don’t cry, Dreamie,” George murmurs, thumbing a tear away from Dream’s eye, “Don’t you wanna be good for me?”

Dream nods frantically, tears still streaming down his face. He looks up at George with wide, puppy-dog eyes, an innocent contrast from the lewd sounds coming from his mouth.

“Yes! Yes, ‘m gonna be good for you, George, gonna be your good boy-”

He cuts himself off with a moan as he feels George cum, warmth spreading through his lower half. Wrapping himself around the other man, he cries out as his second orgasm wracks his body. After a moment he blinks, clearing his head.

“Fuck,” he groans, letting himself go limp as George carefully lies him down on the floor, “how ‘m I supposed to run from you guys now?”

George looks at him questioningly before realizing what he was referring to. *Oh shit. The manhunt. The manhunt that was still going on.*

“I- uh... we’ll figure something out.” He replies, slumping against the stone. “Let’s just rest for now.”

George looks down at the man on the floor. *Damn, he thinks, He’s out cold. Stone cold.* He snickers at his own pun before scooting down, wrapping an arm protectively around blond hair. He leans his head on top of Dream’s, sighing contentedly before closing his eyes. *Just for a minute. I’ll rest for just a minute.*

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“Damn,” Dream winces. “How long was I out for?”

George groans, having dozed off himself. He rubs his eyes, blinking, before acknowledging the other man. “Um, I dunno. I must’ve fallen asleep too.” He gives the sleepy man on the floor a small grin before jolting to his feet. “Oh, shit.” He curses. When Dream tilts his head, confused, he adds, “How are we supposed to get out of this one? I mean- what do I tell the other hunters? And how the hell are you supposed to run from us in...” he gestures at Dream’s ass, “that state?”

The blond frowns. “What state? I’m perfectly fi- ow.” He grimaces as he tries to stand up, only to bend over in discomfort. “Yeah, okay. Might as well kill me now, George.” he sighs, resigned.

George huffs. “I can’t, they’re gonna notice that you didn’t put up much of a fight. I mean, it takes four of us and days worth of fighting to kill you; they wouldn’t believe that I had just cleanly slit your throat without any struggle or noise.”

“You could... let me go?” Dream suggests meekly.

“I’m not dumb, Dream. You’re gonna disappear for god knows how long, and then kill us all.”

George looks over to the other man, who pouts.

“Please? I promise I won’t come after you guys for... um... three days? Think of it as a grace period of sorts.”

If Sapnap saw how easily George had given in, he’d surely tease him for days. “Fine. Go. Oh, and take this,” George adds, rummaging through his bag. He pulls out a glass of silver liquid and tosses it to Dream who fumbles the bottle. “It’s a speed potion. Three minutes. There’s no way you’re going to be able to move quickly, not in this condition. Drink it, and go. I’ll give you the count of ten before I call the others.”

When Dream opens his mouth to protest he adds, “They would’ve heard you running anyway, and it’s better this way. Less suspicion. And you only said that you would never come after us. According to your guidelines, we can still chase you.”

Dream nods in acknowledgement before uncorking the bottle and swallowing the potion. “Yuck.” He swipes his hand across his mouth. “What’d you put in this? It tastes like *ass*.”

George scowls at him. “Okay, pretty boy. That's it. Start running before I start counting.”

Dream smirks, standing and walking further down the cave. He trails his hand along the stone before looking back, blowing George a kiss. “See you in ten,” he flirts, before running into the dark, albeit with a small limp.

*The audacity of this man*, George thinks, pink dusting his cheeks. *Whatever. I'll catch him soon, and we'll see who's laughing.* He smiles as he walks back towards the mineshaft. He could only imagine the looks on the other hunters' faces when they would catch Dream and see red marks painted across his neck, or the blush that would light up the blond's face when George stepped forward to deliver the final blow. He would stop to admire his work, letting the others know who had wrecked the poor man before finally finishing the job himself.

*Soon*, he reminds himself, before calling for the other hunters. When they arrive, he leads the other three down the cave where Dream had run, eagerly waiting to be reunited.

## Chapter End Notes

i'm gonna use this note to introduce myself bc i've been writing for a little while now :)  
feel free to tell me about yourselves in the comments!

hi!! my pronouns are they/them. my favorite subject is english and my fav color is  
pine green!

## alternate ending

### Chapter Summary

dream and george get caught.

sapnap likes what he sees, maybe a little too much.

### Chapter Notes

this was requested by a few people so here it is :) alternate ending where they get caught!

also this was mostly written at 4am when i couldn't sleep so please let me know if i made any mistakes and i'll fix them right away!!

“What would they think, Dream?” George grunts, slowly grinding his cock into Dream. “If you made *just* too much noise and they heard you, running over to kill you, and they find you here.” He laughs, obviously entertaining the idea. “The almighty Dream, reduced to a babbling little slut for cock. What a sight.”

Dream can’t do anything but whimper, both loving and hating the idea. Sure, he would *love* to get caught, for the hunters to see how well George fucked him and to know who he belonged to. But he also knew that Sapnap would never let him live it down. He would tease him for the rest of his life and George would probably join in too.

*Fuck it*, he thinks, brain too hazy to make any rational decisions. Maybe he would try to attract the attention of the others, make a slightly louder moan than usual, or maybe just outright call their names. He knew it was wrong, but he just couldn’t help feeling infatuated with the idea. Oh, what did it matter. Sapnap seemed like the type to get off to that type of shit anyway.

“Fuck- yes!” He finds himself blurting out, unable to stop himself. “Yeah, want them to see me. Want Sa- *Sapnap* to—”

“Awww,” George cuts him off with a condescending sound. “Little cockslut still doesn’t have enough? Even with my dick in your ass,” he emphasizes this with a sharp thrust, “you still need more. Need Sap to fuck you too. You know what? Maybe I’ll just call him over myself. Let him have a turn using your pretty hole.”

Dream mewls—*fucking mewls*—and agrees, frantically nodding his head. That wasn’t his original idea but now? It didn’t sound half bad.

“Yes!” He nearly screams, too blissed out to control his volume. “Want them to come over and see me being used by you, want Sapnap to join in and use me. Just a toy for you,” he babbles on, “just a toy for you to stick your cock in and get off on.”

George purrs, running a hand through Dream's hair. "Good boy. What an eager slut you are, needing two cocks in you. Go ahead." George tightens his grip in fluffy blond hair, pulling without warning. "Let them hear how much you want this."

Dream lets out a surprised yelp, tears pricking at his eyes from the pain. That doesn't stop his dick from twitching, though, nor does it stop George from noticing. It's also not a very... subtle noise, as all shuffling and bickering from the mineshaft suddenly ceases, hushed, panicked voices starting up.

*"Dude, what the fuck was that?"*

*"What the muffin? It sounded like a scream."*

*"Is it George? He must've been mining and... found Dream or something. We should probably go help him before he gets killed."*

*"I'll check it out first, see how bad it is. Bad, get the gapples and Ant, bring some potions of harming. You know how well that worked last time."*

The voices fade, and footsteps clatter against stone. George looks down at Dream with a shit-eating grin, the man beneath him seemingly contemplating his irreversible decision.

"Oh ho ho, guess what, Dream? Your wish is about to come true." George gleefully remarks. "Be sure to put on a good show for us, kay? We wouldn't want them to come all the way over here for a disappointment."

He's acknowledged with a nod from the blond. "Y- yeah, gonna be good for them. 'M gonna put on a good show and look pretty for them." Dream sniffs and brings up a hand to his face to wipe his tears away, but George promptly swats it down.

"Don't," he says in response to the confused look thrown his way. "You look so cute. Besides, we both know you want them to see you like this, tears streaming down your face as I wreck you, unable to do anything but take it. "

Dream lets out a small gasp. He murmurs in agreement but immediately cuts himself off when he looks behind George, seeing Sapnap. The man stands there unmoving, unreadable expression on his face. Dream stares at him and he just looks back in shock, eyes dilating wider with every thrust from George and every small sound escaping Dream's lips. Realizing why Dream looks like he's about to crap himself, George turns, calmly acknowledging Sapnap.

"Oh hey, Sapnap," George casually remarks, "didn't see you there."

The man gives a nervous laugh. It sounded tentative but also... intrigued? Dream turns red. Here he was, legs spread against the wall, George fucking his brains out while Sapnap stared on like he was a fucking dancer on a stage. Though he couldn't say that he disliked the feeling of Sapnap's eyes raking up and down his body, burning fire everywhere they skimmed over, nor did he dislike the fact that they most often lingered at his abused and puffy hole.

"What... what do you mean you didn't see me," the Texan responds, trying to muster up whatever sense he had left. "Your *dick* is up Dream's *ass* as we speak. I don't think you should be the one asking questions here."

"Oh. You're right. Want a turn then?" George asks, straightforward. "I'm sure Dream wouldn't mind at all. Right, Dreamie?" He punctuates his request with a slow roll of his hips, causing the blond to drop his mouth open, bucking up against the touch.

“No, I don’t mind,” he rambles, “Want you to come over and fuck me, Sapnap. Want to make you feel good.”

Sapnap opens and closes his mouth like a fish. He couldn’t believe that he was actually considering this. He turns the idea over in his head. After getting over the initial shock and weirdness, maybe he would actually... join the two? After all, Dream did look pretty hot pinned against a wall. And what did he have to lose? Sapnap grins, and starts to voice his agreement but-

“What the MUFFIN is going on?!!”

He pales. “...fuck.”

“Uh oh,” George whispers. Dream doesn’t notice, too busy fucking himself down on George, a moaning mess.

George and Sapnap turn, fear shooting through them as two men stand aghast at the cave entrance.

“Oh. My. GOD!!” Bad screams, slapping a hand over his eyes. “I don’t even *want* to know how. Just- Oh my god. My poor eyes!” Sapnap winces, glancing at him apologetically. Bad peeks through his fingers, hoping he was just hallucinating, but the lewd sight in front of him killed that possibility. He snaps his fingers shut, craning his head away from the group. “You’re all a bunch of muffinheads. I’m- I’m leaving. I don’t even care about killing Dream, I can’t. Not- not like that.” Eyes still covered, Bad gestures wildly towards the intertwined Dream and George. He turns on his heel, marching out along with a silent, stunned Antfrost that was next to him. “We’re talking about this later,” he adds, before nearly sprinting back to the mineshaft. Ant follows suit, but not without a lingering gaze. He mutters something about losing a bet and telling Velvet before scampering after Bad, eager to leave.

That just left Sapnap. The air in the room must’ve thickened because the black-haired man starts pulling nervously at his shirt collar, breath slowly but obviously becoming ragged.

“It’s a... it’s a little hot in here, don’t you guys think?” He sheepishly remarks, eyes glued on Dream.

“Cut the bullshit, Sapnap,” George snarls. “You and I both know what you want. And I think Dream does too.” The blond nods again, fully compliant.

Sapnap feels like he’s in a trance, mesmerized as he slowly walks closer to the two men. He knows he shouldn’t, he should pull out his sword and slit Dream’s throat, or at the very least walk away. But instead, he simply takes one last step forward, towering over the submissive blond. He bites back a snarky remark about their new difference in height—an impressive feat in itself—and finds himself lifting a hand, brushing his thumb ever so lightly across pink, puffy lips.

Dream looks up at him with wide puppy eyes, reveling in the new, gentle sensation that contrasted oh so much from George’s rough treatment. He parts his lips, inviting Sapnap’s finger into his mouth. He hollows around the digit, tilting his head forward until it’s completely engulfed in his mouth. Then he slowly pulls off with a *pop*. He doesn’t break eye contact the entire time, only momentarily looking down as a line of spit connecting him to Sapnap’s finger falls from his mouth. And he still doesn’t break eye contact as Sapnap brings a tentative hand up to cup his face, almost as if he was scared of breaking the man.

Dream leans into the touch, tilting his head while George scowls at Sapnap.

“You don’t have to be nice to him.” He says, slapping Dream’s other cheek, albeit lightly. No

matter how much Dream seemed to enjoy it, George would never hit him with too much force. “See? He *wants* you to hurt him.”

Dream lets out a small noise reminiscent of a wounded animal. Sapnap would’ve felt bad, but only if he didn’t see his dick twitch at the movement, precum spilling over the tip. His face darkens into a sneer, and the gentle hand around Dream’s face tightens, forcing him to look up. Now that he knew that he wouldn’t hurt Dream, there was no need to restrain himself.

“Oh, little fucking slut likes pain, huh?” Dream pales, nodding slightly, afraid where this would get him. “Use your words, dumb whore.”

Dream’s mouth falls open, slack-jawed, and he lets out a small whimper. “Yes, I like it.” He looks up at Sapnap, waiting for a reaction. Instead of the praise that he was hoping for, he’s reprimanded by George, who weaves a hand through his hair and pulls.

“More.”

Dream obeys, head lurching from the force of the grab.

“I like it when you hit me.” He stammers, words tumbling out of his mouth. “Hit me again, please. I- I like the pain.”

Sapnap laughs, a terrifying sound, and draws his hand back from Dream’s face. He makes contact with a sharp slap, a red mark blossoming across freckled skin. Dream’s face is knocked sideways, and he lets out a shuddering gasp.

“...fuck. Th- thank you, Sapnap.”

Both men stop, George stilling his movements and Sapnap freezing on the spot.

“Thank you?” Sapnap questions, bemused. “Oh, little slut really likes it, doesn’t he.”

Dream gives him a wide, drunk grin—a beautiful sight, really. His eyes disappear into crescents as his lips split into a curve, their soft pink contrasting sharply with the painful red on his cheeks. Holy shit, did Sapnap need to get inside this man.

“What a pretty face,” Sapnap muses, grabbing Dream’s cheeks with one hand, thumb on one side and the rest of his fingers on the other. He tilts his head from side to side as if examining it. Dream lets him take control, pliantly turning his head with Sapnap’s movements. “I think I’d like to fuck it.”

Dream’s eyes blow wide and he feels spit build up in his mouth. *Oh*. George grins, and Dream doesn’t think he’s ever been more turned on in his life. He turns to the brunet, waiting for his next move. After all, he was still in control.

George moves to kneel on the floor, slowly lowering Dream, who hisses as he makes contact with the cold stone. He’s immediately flipped over onto his stomach though, ass pulled into the air by two rough hands. He grumbles as his knees scrape against the floor and his face is pushed into cold rock. Dream mutters something about the rough treatment, only to be silenced by a slap to his asscheek.

“Shut up,” Sapnap growls, massaging the pink flesh. “You’re in no fucking place to talk right now. Now I want your legs spread for George and for me...” He trails off, brushing his thumb along Dream’s lips. “I want you to open wide, pretty boy.”



Dream immediately obeys, opening his mouth cutely and lolling his tongue out as Sapnap starts to pull himself out of his pants. Already wanting attention, Dream wiggles his ass at George, enticing him to continue his previous antics. He feels a slender hand push at the small of his back, forcing him to dip lower, and *oh, the pain*. He relishes in the burn from being bent too far, feeling giddy as George suddenly pulls him backward.

One hand on his shoulder and another resting on his waist, George yanks the man back, crotch meeting flush with his ass with a sharp thrust. Sapnap uses this to take advantage of the now distracted man, now having sat down in front of Dream, legs spread. He tangles his hand in blond locks and pushes forward, throwing his head back as he slides into the warmth of his mouth.

“Fuck,” he groans, slowly bucking into Dream. “You look so pretty, so good right now.”

Dream whimpers around him, causing Sapnap to jerk his hips forward, jittering. Not expecting the sudden movement, he pulls off with a gag, glaring at the man on top of him. Sapnap looks down at him with a similar expression.

“Did I say you could pull off?”

Dream responds with an attitude that could challenge Sapnap’s own. “I’d like some warning next time, thanks. If I’m going to die during this manhunt, I’d rather my cause of death be *anything* but choking on your dick.”

“Oh, you’re *so* asking for me to ruin you right now.” Sapnap scowls. He lowers his voice for a moment, breaking out of character, “Tap me three times if you need to breathe, okay?” After Dream nods from around him, he slips back into his role, a devilish smile growing on his face. “God, you sound so much better with cock in your mouth.”

Dream cranes his head forward, taking Sapnap down until he feels his tip bump the back of his throat. Nose pressed against his crotch, Dream looks up, wide-eyed, waiting for Sapnap to move.

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“Holy shit, Dream. I never knew you had that in you,” Sapnap jokes, still slightly out of breath.

“Mm. Fuck off. I’m trying to sleep.” Dream slurs, eyelids fluttering. The three men lie in a pile, clothes strewn around the cave and limbs intertwined. Dream had nearly passed out after his orgasm, exhausted, and the other two men had laid him down, cuddling with him until he came to his senses.

“Oh don’t be like that, Dreamie,” Sapnap continues, poking at the blond. “That’s not very nice. And there’s two of us and only one of you so I’d watch out if I were you. We still have some unfinished stuff, George and I.”

“Are you implying that you’re-”

“-going to kill you?” George butts in. “If you keep whining like a little bitch, then yes.”

Still groggy, Dream blinks at the older man. “Fuck you,” he half-heartedly groans.

“Again? George and I just did.”

Dream lands a light slap on his shoulder, only to be pulled back into a hug by pale arms. He hums, leaning into George’s touch. They stay like that until Sapnap wants in and he crawls over, laying his head across Dream’s thighs.

“Round two?”

“Already?” Was Dream’s response.

“What do you think, George?” Sarnap muses, bringing his hand next to his head to trail up and down Dream’s leg, rubbing light circles into his skin.

“Why not.” George grins and flips Dream over, landing a slap on his ass. The blond squeaks, momentarily tensing up. He quickly gathers himself though, and pushes himself up, hovering mere millimeters away from George’s lips. His eyes narrow and a dangerous look plays across his face as George’s breath hitches, unsure what to do. All three of the men felt the power shift that had just happened, two of them too scared to do anything about it.

“I think you’ve had your fun, both of you. Now it’s my turn, and I’m gonna make you pay for slapping my ass, Georgie.” Dream leans in, seemingly going for a kiss but pulling away at the last second, loving how George chased his lips forward. Sarnap stifles a giggle from between his legs, and Dream immediately redirects his attention to him. “Don’t laugh.” He says, voice low. Running a hand through black hair, he adds “You’re going to be next. Right after I’ve had my fun with Georgie.”

Sarnap averts his eyes, muttering a *sorry*. Loving how easily they submitted to him, Dream stands up, eyes scouring the two men sitting beneath him. After a moment, he speaks up, having formed a plan.

“George.” It’s not a question, more of a test to see if he would listen. And he does, eyes flicking up to meet Dream’s. The blond smiles. “Get on your knees for me.”

## alternate ending pt. 2

### Chapter Notes

HIHIHI sorry for disappearing for two months but IM BACK!! i finally finished the second part of the alternate ending that i promised so here \*throws fic and runs\*

this is also not beta read and i only skimmed it for edits so sorry for any typos

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Get on your knees for me.”

George immediately drops down, hands lying complacently on his thighs. Eyes burning holes into the stone floor, he waits for Dream to speak.

“Aww,” the blonde ruffles his hair, an incredibly innocent action considering how close George’s face was to Dream’s crotch. “What a good boy.”

George feels his face go pink, and he squeezes his eyes shut. He could feel Dream raking his eyes down his face and trailing them over his small frame. It really shouldn't excite him but it does, being unable to block himself from the violating gaze scanning him.

Dream huffs, and the soft sound of thumps intrigues George just enough for him to peek a single eye open. His stare follows tan legs as they slowly circle him, almost predator-like in their movements.

George’s eyes blow wide, stopping all movement and staring vacantly ahead. They catch the gaze of Sapnap, who starts to sit up against the stone wall of the cave. He gives a smug smirk, one that clearly said, *not laughing now, are you?*

Normally, George would have made a face back or made some snotty comment in retaliation, but his mind goes blank when he feels a finger trail across his shoulders, pressing between his shoulder blades and moving up to his neck. It continues up, tangling absentmindedly around strands of brown hair. George’s breath hitches and he feels cold shoot down his spine, skin prickling in anticipation, waiting, waiting, waiting for Dream to do something.

It’s sad how much control Dream has over the man who knelt on the floor, keeping him waiting on the edge for his every move. But George didn’t mind at all; he didn’t mind the way Dream manipulated his hair, tilting his head—which had gone limp under his ministrations—side to side like a puppeteer, nor did he mind the way he had crouched down in front of him, piercing green eyes never leaving his own as the blonde spilled into his lap. Slender tan legs locked around his waist, forcing George to shy away backward and hold himself up on his elbows as Dream tilted his head, leaning in with a bated breath.

“Oh, come on now. You were the one who wanted round two. Here I am, all pretty in your lap and you move away from me?” Dream tsks, turning his head to the side.

George looks up, confused. “I thought you were going to... to fuck me.” He stumbles over his words. Even if he was allowed—keyword, *allowed*—to fuck Dream, he wouldn’t get off easy.

Dream was the one with all the control, and both George and Sapnap knew it.

Speaking of Sapnap, the man lying against the wall lets out a drawn-out groan, the sound echoing through the cave halls. He grins as Dream slowly cranes his head to look at him with dangerous, squinted eyes, and George can only pray for his safety.

“Get over here.” It’s curt and rude, but Sapnap obeys nonetheless, slowly picking himself up and walking over to the main event of the cave.

“Wow,” he yawns, stretching his arms over his head, “Only took you forever to ask.” His devilish smile only grows larger as Dream starts to turn red, looking like he was about to pop a vein. *Nice*, he thinks, *goal achieved*.

“Shut the fuck up.” Dream nearly growls. “You want it so bad? Fine. You’re going to lie on the floor and take what I give you.”

“Yes, sir,” Sapnap sarcastically answers, but he listens nonetheless. He would’ve preferred to *not* lie on the freezing floor, but his thought is quickly whisked away once he feels warmth pool on top of his crotch, distracting him.

Dream had removed himself from George’s lap, leaving the man to shiver on the cold stone. Now hovering over Sapnap, Dream lowers his hands onto his chest. Using a hand to balance himself, he reaches between his legs and, after giving Sapnap a few strokes, pushes his tip towards his hole.

He grinds down, mouth falling open as he bottoms out. Eyes searching for something to focus on, they land on Sapnap. And what a sight he is to see, eyelids squeezed shut and face scrunched up in pleasure. Dream continues slowly moving up and down in short bursts, hips staggering when Sapnap bucks up to meet him.

“Don’t move.” He warns. “Or I’ll get off.”

“No, I’m sorry,” Sapnap responds, a little too quickly. “I’ll stop.”

Both men knew it was an empty threat, but neither wanted to question it. Dream turns to George, still leaning back on his elbows. He hadn’t moved since Dream had left him, staring enviously at Sapnap’s position. Taking pity on the poor man, Dream crooks a finger at him, motioning for him to come forward. He moves to stand, but quickly stops once he hears a throat being cleared.

“Don’t get up.”

“What?” George blinks, confused. “How am I meant to-”

“Crawl.”

“Oh.”

*Oh.*

George falls back down to his knees, hunching over as his hands make contact with the floor. Slowly moving forward, he doesn’t break eye contact with the ground as two piercing gazes follow him. When he reaches the two men, he leans back, sitting on his legs with his hands in his lap and eyes still burning holes through the floor.

Dream coos, reaching over and running a hand through George’s hair. “What happened to the greedy brat we had before? You’re being so good for me now.” Blood rushes to George’s cheeks

at this and he flinches, turning his head, hoping the other man wouldn't notice. Too late. "Aww, did Georgie like that? Being called good?" He brings his hands up to cover the red blotting across his face, nodding. Thankfully, Dream continued on. "Then keep listening and get behind me."

George doesn't waste a second scrambling behind him and the thoroughly neglected Sapnap, who had been slowly bucking up into the man above him. An exceptionally hard thrust from him causes Dream to let out a squeak of surprise, back arching as he jolts up. Not wanting to look like he'd lost control, he slowly cranes forward above Sapnap's chest, face dangerously close to the other's shit-eating grin.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" He asks, squinted eyes raking up and down the other's smug face.

"I was getting bored, Dreamie," Sapnap pouts, slotting his hands on Dream's hips. "I want more attention."

"Hands off."

Surprisingly, Sapnap listens, lifting his hands into the air in an act of defeat before letting them fall to his sides. Dream smiles. Folding his arms over Sapnap's chest, he arches his back, clearly exposing his filled hole to George. He hears the other man suck in a breath and shuffle closer.

"C'mon Georgie," he taunts, "don't you wanna fuck me with Sapnap? Make us both feel good?" George nods but doesn't move, complacently waiting. "Aww, you're such a good pup, waiting to be ordered around. Come here, you can fuck me now. But no touching."

George doesn't waste a second getting behind Dream, letting out a small whimper as he slowly pushes his cock into his hole, sliding deliciously against Sapnap. When he's halfway in, Dream snaps his hips back, causing Sapnap to curse in unison with George's small grunt.

Sapnap thrusts up in retaliation, bruising hands pulling Dream back on both their cocks. Thankfully for him, Dream seemed to be okay with that, leaning down and forcing him into a kiss. The two of them set a brutal pace, leaving George to be dragged along for the ride. He wants to grab Dream and slow him down, stop his backbreaking pace, so his hands roam above Dream's body before remembering that he wasn't allowed to touch, and he instead leans back on his knees, covering his mouth to stifle his sounds as the other two men use him for their pleasure.

"Dreeeeam, you feel so nice around me, so tight." Sapnap babbles. He reaches a hand down and gropes at his ass before slapping it, only pulling away when he feels a bite at his collarbone.

"Touchy little brat." Dream comments. "I think you need to keep your hands to yourself too. Off. Now." Sapnap gives him a drunken grin, only squeezing his hips tighter. Dream stops moving, lifting his hips and forcing the other two men to pull out, much to their (but mostly George's) dismay. "I said hands off. Or are you too dumb a slut to understand me?" Sapnap lets out a quiet *fuck* at this, and that only eggs Dream on further. "Yeah? Was I right? Stupid whore can only think about getting off?" Sapnap nods. "I want words."

"Y- yes," he finds himself stammering, "Just want to feel good."

"Hmm," Dream pretends to think, tapping his finger to his chin. "I think I'll help George out and then I'll let you fuck me. How does that sound?" When Sapnap shakes his head in disagreement, he adds, "George was listening to me and you weren't. You're going to sit back and watch what happens when you're good, and maybe if you behave I'll consider letting you cum." He shuffles towards George on his knees, gently pushing the man backward before sitting on his lap.

“Remember Sapnap, no touching.”

Dream turns away from the frowning man on the floor, turning his attention to George. He leans down, smiling into a soft kiss before slowly lowering himself down onto his dick. He sets a slow pace, rolling his hips forward gently, relishing in the drag of George’s cockhead against his walls. Leaning back on his elbows, George lets his head drop back, eyes closed in pleasure.

They shoot open again after Dream pulls himself up, pink tip barely still inside his hole, and lets himself fall back down. *Hard.*

“Holy shit, Dream!” He cries out, arms giving way. Head bumping against the floor and arms splayed above his head, George squeezes his eyes shut again as Dream uses him relentlessly, rolling his hips up and slamming down.

“So pretty,” Dream murmurs, as if he wasn’t absolutely wrecking the man under him. As if the tears bubbling at George’s eyes weren’t enough, he leans down, pinching a pink bud and rolling it. The sounds that come from George’s mouth are heavenly, high-pitched, cut-off whimpers that start up whenever Dream switches his attention from one nipple to the other.

“M close,” George manages, before bringing up a hand to wipe his eyes. “Can I?”

“Words, baby.” Dream pulls George’s hands down from his face.

“Please, I just want to cum!” Sparse tears fall down George’s face as he pouts, dripping on the stone beside his face. “You said that I was being good, so why won’t you let me cum?”

Dream takes pity on him.

“Cum for me then.”

He leans in, sucking a mark on George’s neck (that would surely flare purple tomorrow) as he cries out, warmth filling Dream’s insides as George pushes up into him. Dream sighs at the full feeling, falling forward onto his chest. George blinks, dazed, before refocusing on Dream. He offers a tired smile at the other man but is interrupted by a groan from Sapnap.

The man is sitting with his hands digging into his thighs, fingernails leaving red crescents in his pale flesh. Dream feels himself get hard again as he rakes his eyes across the poor man. He hadn’t touched himself—just like Dream had asked—and the precum dripped across his thighs proved it. He sighs in relief as Dream detaches himself from George and slowly walks over to him. What a sight he was, disheveled hair slightly damp with sweat and walking with a slight limp due to George. Sapnap finds Dream in his lap, barricaded in with knees on either side of his legs and cum leaking out of his ass, dripping onto his neglected cock.

“I thought I told you to be patient.” Dream says, with a slight edge in his voice.

“You take too long,” Sapnap bites back. “And George looked so pretty, being used like that. It’s my turn, Dreamie.” He adds, making puppy eyes.

Dream isn’t fazed by his act. “Fucking slut,” he snaps. “Couldn’t wait to get me on your dick, huh?”

Sapnap breaks into a smug grin. He could wait to fuck Dream if it meant riling him up more. “I don’t know. You took too long, maybe George could just suck me off instead with that pretty mouth of his.” Said man flushes from his spot on the floor, looking away. “I bet he could make me cum faster than you.”

And Dream snapped. Leaning forward, he grabs Sapnap by the face, thumb on one cheek and other four fingers on the other. “You want to cum so bad?” Sapnap nods to the best of his ability. “Tell me how much you want it and maybe I’ll consider it.”

“Please, I wanna fuck you so bad,” he whines, hips stuttering forward and cock pressing against Dream’s clenching hole. “I don’t care what you do to me, just get me off. Use me, whatever, I don’t ca-”

“You don’t care what I do to you?” Dream’s face lights up in a Cheshire grin, and Sapnap instantly regrets his words. “Hands behind your back.”

“Nooooo, anything but that.” Sapnap sounds like a child throwing a tantrum. “I just wanna touch you.”

“I knew you couldn’t listen.” Dream says with mock contempt. “George, come here.” George perks his head up, standing and walking over to the two men. “I want you to hold Sapnap’s hands back for me. Do anything you want to him, just don’t break his dick.” Sapnap gulps, and George grins. He feels long fingers pull his hands behind his back, crossing one over the other. A mouth presses at his neck, sucking light marks into the skin. He’s pulled back into reality, away from the bliss of George’s gentler touches when Dream speaks. “Ready, Sappy?” He doesn’t answer, instead opting to stare down at the ground. But he’s forced to look up when Dream grabs his face again, prying his mouth open. “I asked you a question,” he prods, thumb running over Sapnap’s bottom lip. When he still refuses to answer, Dream makes a weird face, confusing him for a second, but then spits—*spits*—in Sapnap’s mouth.

*Oh.*

“There. Now your mouth is good for *something*, at least.”

Recovering from his initial shock, Sapnap swallows before sticking his tongue out to show Dream.

Thinking that he had teased the poor man enough, Dream finally lowers himself onto his cock. Sapnap is already writhing once he bottoms out, hands pushing against George’s grip. He could easily overpower him if he wanted to, but where was the fun in that? He bucks up into Dream, and the man sets a brutal pace, lifting himself up and dropping down.

The only thing still grounding Sapnap is George, who presses small kisses to his neck and collarbone from behind and whispering praises into his ear. A stark contrast to the mean treatment he’d gotten from Dream.

“So good, you’re doing so well,” George murmurs.

“Close, ‘m already close,” Sapnap whines. Dream only goes faster.

It’s not long before Sapnap cums with a cry, cum mixing with George’s inside of Dream. George lets go of his wrists, massaging them lightly before stepping back, letting the other man drop down to the floor. Dream helps him ride out his orgasm, going at a slightly slower speed, and Sapnap waits for him to stop.

He doesn’t stop.

Sapnap had come down from his high and the blissful high was on the verge of being painful. But Dream didn’t seem to care. Eyes glazed over and mouth open, he continued to fuck himself on

Sapnap, bringing the man back to full hardness in record time. He still hadn't cum, Sapnap noted, and his leaking cock slapped against his stomach with every movement. Almost as if he knew what Sapnap would ask, he speaks up.

"K- keep going. Need to cum."

Sapnap watches, confused, as Dream stills, sitting back. "I thought you just said-"

"Fuck meee," Dream whines, lightly punching his chest. "Just help me, please."

Sapnap pulls him down onto his chest, causing him to let out a small squeak, before resting his hands on Dream's hips. Shuddered breaths come from the other man as Sapnap repeatedly lifts and drops him on his cock. His hands tremble from overstimulation as he manhandles Dream, but Sapnap didn't mind that much as long as he made the other man feel good.

He could tell that Dream was getting close when small moans fell from his mouth and he started grinding back on his cock again.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuck, just like that Sapnap," he moans.

Sapnap starts to whimper as Dream starts to move faster, still not ready for so much pleasure after his recent orgasm. He thinks he might start crying if Dream didn't cum soon, and tears start to prick at his eyes just as Dream finishes with a small gasp. Sapnap groans as sticky white drips down his stomach and Dream rolls over onto the floor, effectively wiping it across his entire side. He couldn't be mad though. Not at Dream.

"C'mere," he groans, pulling Dream off the floor and into his lap.

Sapnap's eyes follow George around, chin resting on Dream's head as the man stumbles around, gathering their clothes. When the other man finally returns, Sapnap extends an arm and the three of them cuddle in one tired pile.

Dream smiles as George slumps forward into his lap, passed out, and he feels Sapnap's heart rate slow. With the two men around him asleep, he slips away from them, sliding on a shirt and pants from their clothes pile. Wearing George's shirt and Sapnap's pants, he slips away from the two hunters. But before he leaves, he pulls a book from his inventory and scribbles a note for the others to find when they wake.

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"Did he just... ditch us?"

A British accent rings in Sapnap's ears, waking him. He's colder now with the absence of Dream, only left with George clinging to his side.

"I guess so, man, didn't think he would just leave us like a one night stand." He crouches to pick up his clothes as George rambles on.

"I mean I know this is a manhunt and all, but it would've been nice to- what's that?" George snatches a leather-bound book from Sapnap's grip.

"Hey!"

"It's... a note from Dream." George mutters as he skims through it.

He shoves the book at Sapnap after he whines about wanting a turn, and the two men finish



reading it, relieved. Disregarding their mismatched clothes that Bad would surely ask about, they go to find the rest of the hunters. Or Dream, whichever came first.

And it turns out that finding Dream came first, and the three men lay together, cuddling on Dream's bed after they'd won the manhunt, going from hunters and hunted to newly boyfriends. A worn leather book sat on their shelf, signed by Dream, that they reread every anniversary:

*Sap and Gogy,*

*I hate to leave you like this, but I still have a manhunt to win. See you in the End, when I WIN!! You guys could never beat me. What are the chances of that? Probably something like 1 in 7.5 trillion.*

- :)

*PS- Thanks for the clothes. I'd love to rip them off both of you again, preferably when you're not trying to kill me. Talk after manhunt? <3*

## Chapter End Notes

so i have a few WiPs and i'll probably get around to finishing them!! my upload schedule has finally been repaired

## End Notes

since this is my most popular fic i will unabashedly promote my twitter [here](#).

i just set it up to be my ao3 account and yeah. if you follow me i will give you all forehead kisses. i'll tweet there soon!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!